

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE

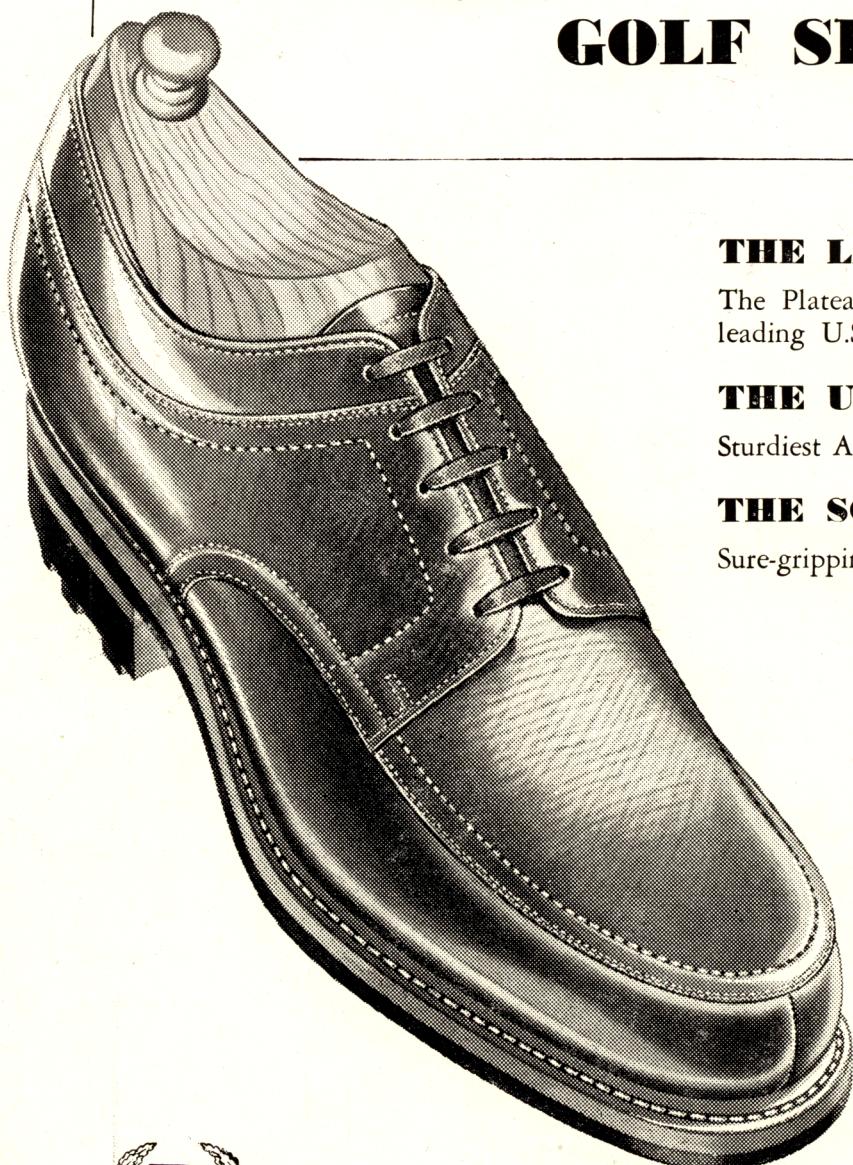


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## BAD SPORTS—WHO?

WRITER in an American newspaper claims that Americans are "bad sports." Writer's name is Adie Suehs-dorf—probably 100 per cent. American as, say, Symie Guglog, or any other strangely sounding name, jarring the Australian ears, not yet attuned to old-world patronymics.

Adie gives instances of bad sportsmanship. What do they prove? Certainly not that Americans, in the mass, are bad sports, anymore than citation here of instances might brand Australians as bad sports. The whole should not — cannot, indeed — be damned for the section—or by the section.

What makes bad sportsmanship appear worse is that the minority of bad sportsmen are more vocal. Take the section which does the bawling on race-courses. How many make up this riff-raff? On our survey, generally, about 20—20 out of 20,000. You might apply the same reasoning to other realms of sport and arrive at similar conclusions.

What interests us about Adie's article, however, are his conclusions, because often have they been set out here on this page in other terms:

"Last reason for bad sportsmanship is psychological: simply the fact that since the end of the war the results of games have once again become important. During the war, sports were interesting but not of passionate concern. Bigger things engaged us.

"The athlete was cut down to size during the war. Now that nobody is dying on a beachhead, the sports star is a national hero again, and we quiver at his unexampled courage in playing with a hurt leg.

"That's all right. We like our sports dramatic, but somewhere along the line this newly regained flush of enthusiasm is uncorking some excess emotion.

"What's to do about it? There's only one entirely satisfactory answer. That's education. Education can keep Gus from behaving like a hoodlum — if he'll give it a chance. There are alternative solutions: stricter police supervision of arenas, greater separation of players and spectators, and ejection by police of unruly fans."

Adie, my boy, you've said a mouthfull.



Established 14th May, 1858

## TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY



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**ARCTIC CLUB** ..... Seattle

# The Club Man's Diary

## BIRTHDAYS

### NOVEMBER

3rd A. S. Harrison	26th R. R. Coote
14th Chas. Salon	27th L. C. Noakes
15th F. D. Foskey	29th W. H. Davies
17th H. L. Carter	30th Barney Fay
21st S. Peters	
A. R. Harrison	

### DECEMBER

1st H. R. Van Borssum	20th E. W. King
2nd E. C. Murray	24th A. D. Swan
7th F. Z. Eager	25th W. Sherman
A. C. Gelling	26th Jack Blume
8th N. G. Morris	27th R. E. Sanderson
10th A. J. McDowell	28th M. Gearin
12th W. Gourley	Dr. A. S. Read-
13th E. S. Pratt	ing
17th E. O. Crowhurst	29th E. J. Hazell
19th J. T. Jennings	30th C. S. Brice
	31st Jack Davis

**Members are invited to notify the Secretary of the date of their birthday.**

"**A**LL BLACKS" claimed that the South Africans played spoiling tactics for the most part; their backs standing up on the New Zealanders to prevent them functioning when they received the ball from the scrum. When the ball was won for the S.A. backs, they kicked for the line monotonously.

"All Blacks" have returned firm supporters of the rule played by N.S.W. Rugby Union: disallowing the breakaways to advance beyond an imaginary line drawn through the scrum until the ball has been heeled from the scrum.

\* \* \*

**M**OST people know that Dr. Evatt is an ardent cricket fan. Few are aware of his profound knowledge of the game and its history, of his intimate acquaintance with the gallery of the immortals. Wisden has accepted him into the exclusive circle of authorities by printing in its 1949 volume an article which does more credit to his authorship than the abstract title implies: "Cricket and the British Commonwealth."

**B**ERT BROWN, managing director of the Great Western Stores, says that another bumper harvest is assured. Only untoward events could be thunderstorms, bringing hale and damaging the wheat crops.

\* \* \*

**T**WO sportsmen who had seen Carbine win the Melbourne Cup in 1890 exchanged greetings in club this month. Jack Wyatt and Jack Ross (Brisbane).

\* \* \*

**H**APPY are we to report "Bulla" Franklin cheerful, although still in hospital; but it's sad news about the condition of George Price.

## TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

### SUB-COMMITTEES :

#### House Committee:

John Hickey (Chairman), J. A. Roles (Treasurer), G. Chiene, A. V. Miller, G. J. C. Moore, W. H. Sellen

#### Card Room Stewards:

G. Chiene, A. G. Collins, A. J. Matthews, J. A. Roles

#### Billiards & Snooker Tournaments Committee:

J. A. Roles (Chairman), A. J. Matthews, W. Longworth, C. E. Young

#### Handball Committee:

P. B. Lindsay (Hon. Secretary).

#### Swimming Club Committee:

J. Dexter (Hon. Secretary), A. S. Block, J. Gunton.

#### Bowling Club Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Patron), J. A. Roles (President), E. G. Dewdney, C. E. Young (Vice-Presidents), Committee: C. L. Davis, Harold Hill, E. F. Krieger, E. C. Murray, Gordon H. Booth (Hon. Secretary).

#### Golf Club Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Patron), J. Hickey (President), W. Longworth (Vice-President), F. S. Lynch (Captain), Committee: K. F. Williams, K. F. E. Fidden, L. Moroney, R. J. Hastings, H. (Barney) Fay (Hon. Treasurer), S. Peters (Hon. Secretary).

**CONGRATULATIONS** to Carl Mitchell on his election to the committee of Young Turf Club.

\* \* \*

**"D**ARKIE" WEBSTER'S passing grieved many a heart. No cricketer claimed more grace in the sporting approach; none retained in retirement — he was an Australian XI wicketkeeper — greater attachment for the game.

\* \* \*

**V**ETERAN W. T. Kerr soon threw off his illness. He filled his old role as timekeeper at G.P.S. Athletic championships and resumed as timekeeper at the S.T.C. meeting on October 22.

\* \* \*

**G**ORDON RICHARDS has referred to an occasion when he was being chased by sporting writers for his life story. "I thought I would get some advice," said Richards, "so I went to Lord Lonsdale and asked him what he thought I should do about it.

"Well," said Lord Lonsdale, "Don't be like those film people just because you're in the news a bit."

"I said thanks—and, do you know, within six weeks he wrote his own life story."

\* \* \*

**A**RTHUR STUTCHBURY recalled: Old Jimmy Barnes reckoned my colt, Bronzino's Dream (Bronzino—Sweet Slumber) a certainty for the Breeders' Plate in other years. A motor vehicle collided with the colt while it was being led away from the course on the morning of the race, and it was in slings for several months.

## DEATHS

**W**E regret to record the passing of the following members since the last issue:—H. W. WEBSTER, Elected 27/2/1928; Died 7/10/1949. C. F. ESKELL, Elected 15/2/1937; Died 8/10/1949. A. J. KELLETT, Elected 1/8/1941; Died 14/10/1949.

# GENTLER SEX WIN MANY THOUSANDS IN STAKES

Australasia has produced some grand race mares, winners in the aggregate of upwards of £350,000 in stakes — a most worthy achievement and a brilliant contribution to the turf.

**G**RATENESS of racing mares often is a subject for keen discussion among club members. Actually, as a gauge to merit it is never, of course, quite satisfactory to make a comparison between equines that have figured on the turf at different times. Still in endeavouring to form an opinion as to relative merits of particular performers, it is interesting to point out the star feat recorded by each and then endeavour to weigh matters as accurately as means permit.

Thus, whenever keen racing men meet in general discussion on great mares of the Australian turf, there will always be a different point of expression though it is obvious some of the best stood out above rivals.

In older days, perhaps, those who saw Wakeful, La Carabine, Carlita, Lady Wallace, and a few other noted matrons had their ideas of relative merits. Many still regard Wakeful as greatest of her sex to have graced the Australian turf. They may be right in their assessment but she was twice beaten at weight for age by La Carabine and by Cruciform (two wins each). All the same, Wakeful won over all distances and finished second with 10 st. in 1903 Melbourne Cup in which the winner, Lord Cardigan, carried 6.8 — one pound above the limit. Wakeful had 25 wins and earned £16,690.

La Carabine won the Sydney Cup and various other races, while Gladsome was a top-class mare to one and a half miles. Carlita proved a stayer of high merit. From 47 starts she won 13 races and £17,830 in stakes.

Flight was raced by A.J.C. Committeeman Mr. Brian Crowley, and kept in training not with the sole object of becoming Australia's greatest stake winning mare but because she kept on racing with marked consistency and superiority over most rivals, certainly over her own sex. When she retired from the turf she had started in 65 races for 24 wins,

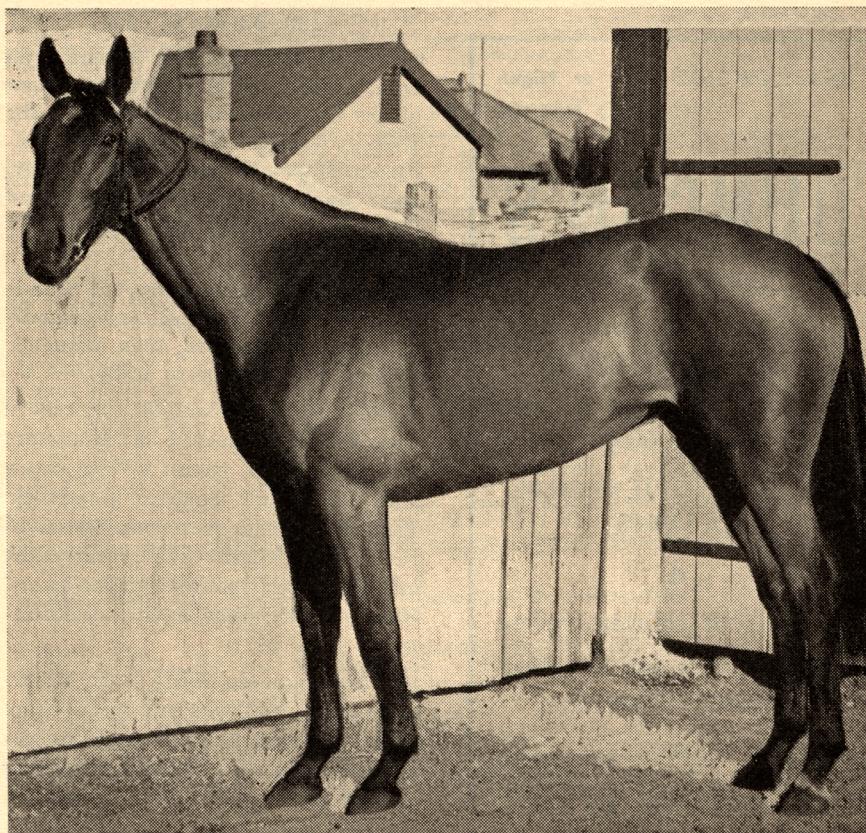
19 seconds, and nine thirds and £30,627 prizemoney — a remarkable performance, and the record for a mare.

However, it was by less than £1,000 that she topped Tranquil Star's figures. Latter recently dropped her third filly foal to Dhoti (imp.). Her first progeny, Tranquil Dawn, made her debut at this year's Caulfield Cup meeting (opening day) when she competed in the Debutante Stakes, but lack of experience was against the filly; all the same, she ran a promising race.

Flight also started her stud career the right way and later her off-spring will be trying to maintain the family record. Flight's best wins included two wins in A.J.C. Craven Plate, wins in A.J.C. Colin Stephen Stakes, and in Melbourne weight for age contests, including V.R.C. Mackinnon Stakes. She was also second to Shannon in the King's Cup.

Tranquil Star won the Mackinnon Stakes (2), Caulfield Cup, Caulfield Stakes and Memsie Stakes as well as other events of importance. She started in 112 races, rather an extensive record and almost twice as many starts as Flight. Tranquil Star won 23 races, was 20 times second, and 13 times third for £29,690.

Rainbird, Melbourn Cup winner of four years ago, won seven races for an aggregate of £17,418, helped considerably by her Cup success. Wakeful's contribution was 25 wins and £16,690. Rivette, winner of Caulfield and Melbourne Cups, netted £15,398 from 11 wins. Frances Tressady had eight wins for £12,382, while Sweet Chime's eight earned £11,061, which total seems rather significant when compared with the money on offer when Gladsome was in the headlines. She won no fewer than 29 races but total earnings was only £10,712.



Mr. B. H. Crowley's Flight.

# No Alteration in Race Time Records

Race time records are made to be broken, but at time this went to press there had been no alteration in existing Australian figures for upwards of 15 months.

THIS doesn't mean anything of turf importance but it does indicate that either present crop of Australian horses are no more brilliant than those who raced in recent years or tracks are not quite as fast despite improvements in every direction in the care and upkeep of major racecourses.

Sydney tracks didn't lend themselves to fast times almost throughout the period January to September as the wettest year on record has been experienced. However, it was thought there would have been an alteration or two made by Melbourne's brilliant gallopers, and by the best of the Queenslanders. Reduction of the mile record makes an interesting study.

When Shannon, now at the stud

in America, startled the Australian turf world with his record mile, 1.34½, at Randwick, on October 7, 1946, his figures represented a reduction of more than five seconds in the best Australasian mile time of 40 years ago. Shannon's brilliant record was run in George Main Stakes when starting at odds of 3 to 1 on. He cleared out from Flight and Magnificent, with Modulation the only other starter, lengths from the winner. Shannon cut half a second from Amiable's previous record.

The mile record had stood at 1.40 for about 17 seasons and in those years it looked as if the figure would remain for a long time, in fact, take a bit of shaking. However, the limit of equine speed in these parts has still to be reached. To-day 1.40 would be considered slow, in fact, not much under track trial time. Corinthian events are run in faster time.

## Jim Barden's Time

It was not until 1899 that Djin Djin, ridden by a crack horseman of the time, Jim Barden, reduced the 1.40 to 1.39¾. That was in A.J.C. Epsom Hep. No more than a pony, she carried 8.9 and defeated Sequence to which she conceded 21 pounds.

Eighteen months later, at Randwick, Wakeful, a grand mare, equalled Djin Djin's record, then Sequence further cut the time to 1.38¾.

Subsequent holders of the record were Charles Stuart, 1.38; Montcalm and Portrush, each 1.37¾; Satin Bird, 1.37½—all made at Randwick. The fastest mile then transferred to Flemington where Cetigne ran 1.37, but Beauford, another famous name, soon equalled that figure at Randwick.

Whittier made 1.36½ soon afterwards, but that was cut to 1.36¼ by The Hawk and Amounis, and that remained best until Pavilion came along in 1930 and in A.J.C. Villiers' Stakes, clocked 1.36. Then Closing Time cut a quarter of a second from the figure, and then came 1.35½ shared

by four topclass gallopers, Ajax, Sarcherie, Ramdin, and Peter Pan.

Nearer to to-day's figure Amiable made 1.34½ at Flemington in March, 1940. Her record stood for six years until Shannon cut it by a quarter of a second.

World's best is going to take a lot of shaking. It is credited to Mopsus, 1.32, at Brighton (England), in June, 1939. Equipoise, and American topnotcher, ran 1.34-2/5, and Count Fleet, another U.S.A. topranker, was clocked at 1.34-4/5, which is not as good as Shannon's figures.

Mopsus was probably timed by a hand-watch, which is far from satisfactory. The figures seem incredible, especially as it is so far in front of all others. Perhaps the course is downhill or there were unusual circumstances.

◆◆◆  
"Do you think, sir, I might have a rise?"

"But I put a rise in your pay packet last week."

"Oh, I'm very sorry, sir. My wife never tells me anything."

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# Tattersall's Club — Sydney ANNUAL RACE MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

Entries for the following races will be received by the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only, subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

## FIRST DAY :

SATURDAY, 31st DEC., 1949

### SEVEN EVENTS

Added Money - - - £6,100

#### JUVENILE NOVICE HANDICAP

(For two-Year-Old Colts and Geldings)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 29th December, 1949; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. For two year-old Colts and Geldings which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (winner of a Maiden Race, or Mixed Stakes Race as a maiden horse; an Improvers' Race, Progressive Race, Moderate Race or an Intermediate Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

Five Furlongs

#### THREE AND FOUR-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 29th December, 1949; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. For Three and Four-Year-Olds. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

One Mile

#### TWO-YEAR-OLD NOVICE HANDICAP

(For Two-Year-Old Fillies)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 29th December, 1949; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. For two-year-old Fillies which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (winner of a Maiden Race or Mixed Stakes Race as a maiden horse; an Improvers' Race, Progressive Race, Moderate Race or an Intermediate Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

Five Furlongs

#### THE CARRINGTON STAKES

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 29th December, 1949; with £1,750 added. Second horse £350, and third horse £175 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1949, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lb. as the Handicapper may impose and declare. Such declaration to be made not later than 10 o'clock a.m. on Wednesday, 28th December, 1949. (No allowances for Apprentices.) (Entries close at 3 p.m. on Monday, 28th November, 1949.)

Six Furlongs

#### NOVICE HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 29th December, 1949; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. For horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (winner of a Maiden Race, Novice Race or Mixed Stakes Race as a Maiden or Novice horse; an Improvers' Race, Progressive Race, Moderate Race or an Intermediate Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100; provided that a winner, at time of starting, of a race or races for two-year-olds not exceeding £750 in value to the winner shall be eligible to compete. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st.

One Mile and a Quarter

#### PACE WELTER

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 29th December, 1949; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. 7lb.

One Mile

#### DENMAN HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 29th December, 1949; with £850 added. Second horse £160, and third horse £80 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st.

One Mile and a Quarter

ENTRIES are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only, as follows:—

The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup before 3 p.m. on Monday, 28th November, 1949.  
Minor Races (both days) before 3 p.m. on Monday, 12th December, 1949.

WEIGHTS to be declared as follows:—

The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup at 10 o'clock a.m., Monday, 12th December, 1949.  
Minor Races, First Day, at 10 o'clock a.m., Wednesday, 28th December, 1949.

Minor Races, Second Day, at 7 o'clock p.m., Saturday, 31st December, 1949.

ACCEPTANCES are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only as follows:—

For all races on the First Day before 12 noon, Thursday, 29th December, 1949, and

For all races on the Second Day before 8.30 p.m., Saturday, 31st December, 1949.

PENALTIES: In all races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: when the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division. The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by the conditions of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amount of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

## SECOND DAY :

MONDAY, 2nd JAN., 1950

### SEVEN EVENTS

Added Money - - - £6,500

(Including Gold Cup valued at £150)

#### NEW YEAR'S GIFT

(For Three-Year-Olds)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 p.m. on Saturday, 31st December, 1949; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. For three-year-olds at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st.

Seven Furlongs

#### NURSERY HANDICAP

(For Two-Year-Olds)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 p.m. on Saturday, 31st December, 1949; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. For two-year olds. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st.

Five Furlongs

#### FLYING HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 p.m. on Saturday, 31st December, 1949; with £750 added. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize.

Six Furlongs

#### ENCOURAGE HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 p.m. on Saturday, 31st December, 1949; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. For horses Three-Year-Olds and upwards which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (winner of a Maiden Race, Novice Race, or Mixed Stakes Race as a Maiden or Novice horse; an Improvers' Race, Progressive Race, Moderate Race or an Intermediate Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £150; provided that a winner, at time of starting, of a race or races for two-year-olds not exceeding in the aggregate £750 in value to the winner shall be eligible to compete. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st.

One Mile and a Quarter

#### TATTERSALL'S CLUB CUP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 p.m. on Saturday, 31st December, 1949; with £2,000 added, and a Gold Cup valued at £150. Second horse £400, and third horse £200 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, The Summer Cup or The Carrington Stakes, 1949, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lb., as the Handicapper may impose and declare. Such declaration to be made not later than 7 o'clock p.m. on Saturday, 31st December, 1949. (No Allowances for Apprentices.) (Entries close at 3 p.m. on Monday, 28th November, 1949.)

One Mile and a Half

#### HIGHWEIGHT HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 p.m. on Saturday, 31st December, 1949; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 8st. 7lb.

Seven Furlongs

#### ALFRED HILL HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 p.m. on Saturday, 31st December, 1949; with £800 added. Second horse £160, and third horse £80 from the prize.

One Mile

# RIO FE—WELL PLACED BARGAIN OF THE TURF

Club member, K. D. (Bill) Godby, paid a lot of money, 2,300 guineas, for Rio Fe, but even at that price the handsome chestnut has proved a bargain of the turf, due mostly to shrewd placing.

**R**IO FE has raced in three States and from upwards of 40 starts (11 wins) has earned more than £12,000 in stakemoney, bulk of it in Brisbane.

When auctioned at Sydney's yearling sales in 1946 Rio Fe realised 1,400 guineas, but his buyer did not live to see the colt race. Rio Fe didn't have a run at two years because it had been decided to give him every chance to develop.

Bill Godby and his father, Cecil, who trained among others, Heroic, Purser and Northwind, were struck with the horse's apparent galloping ability and Cecil bought him for 2,300 guineas, leasing the colt to his daughter, Mrs. N. W. Hepples. For her he had a few runs then was sold to Bill for what Cecil had paid for him.

In his early three-year-old races Rio Fe ran into a couple of tough customers, Beau Gem and Cronides. Former beat him into third place at Caulfield in October 1947, the mile Burwood Handicap. Beau Gem later won the Derby. Rio Fe chased Cronides home in the Batman stakes at Flemington.

Travelling to Sydney Rio Fe was in minor places in a couple of races before opening his winning account in a nine furlong's Mixed Stakes at Canterbury. Bill Godby had been in Brisbane for the winter of 1947 and his thoughts turned to taking Rio Fe there. He knew that the Brisbane air had done a lot of good for Hiraji, Dark Marne, Russia, Silver Standard and Victory Lad, just to mention a few southerners who had wintered and raced in the northern capital.

Rio Fe won Q.T.C. Trial on final day of Brisbane Cup meeting and subsequently finished third in Q.T.C. Moreton Hep. That was his final placing at three years.

Following season Rio Fe was successful in seven races and in minor places on four occasions. Chief successes were Q.T.C. Exhibition Hep., Tattersall's (Bris.) Cup, and Doomben Cup, last named being worth £3,250. Early this season Rio Fe repeated last year's performance in Q.T.C. Exhibition Hep. and also won same Club's National Plate (w.f.a.).

Rio Fe has skillfully mixed his race distances, a scheme which puzzled Brisbane owners and trainers but evidently the horse's owner-trainer knew what he was about in setting the northern campaign.

Bill Godby has won a lot of money with Rio Fe whose eight successes in Brisbane cost the northern book-

(Continued foot next column)



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NEARLY OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE

# He Hopes to Turn Night Into Day

IS it possible to turn night into day and do away with darkness?

It may be so in a few years if science is given a free hand. Fantastic as it sounds, experiments are being made to convert the whole night sky into a glowing bowl of soft light similar to full moonlight. This would illuminate entire cities and do away with the need for street lighting. It would reduce road and rail accidents at night, make flying safe, and prolong our leisure hours.

French scientist, Etienne Vassay, has been working on this problem

makers quite a lot of money. Brisbane turf writer, Bill Ahern, in September issue of the "Queensland Racing Calendar," wrote a most interesting story on Rio Fe and much of it is reproduced here.

Winding up his story, Bill Ahern said, "Although Rio Fe has been switched from sprinting to middle distance racing and back again, he has not run a poor race. In between times, while in Brisbane, the horse worked steadily, but rarely seriously, once fit. Godby is observant and knows horses. Because he realised that Murray Stream, the only other class chestnut got by Midstream (imp.) was bred on similar lines to Rio Fe, he thought that the unorthodox methods adopted with Murray Stream might work with Rio Fe."

Murray Stream, now at stud in Queensland, was a versatile galloper and winner over sprint and middle distances. In addition, he was one of the most brilliant horses to have worked on the Rosebery track. Nothing could hold him in an early morning trial. It is interesting to note that both Murray Stream and Rio Fe made a name for themselves in the northern capital.

Rio Fe is now five years old. He was got by Midstream (imp.) from Rosa Fe by Manitoba (imp.) from Miss Wiltshire by Devizes (imp.) from Chersonese. Miss Wiltshire was a sister to stayer Cimbrian and Hebrus (sire of Forge, a good winner in Brisbane), and also to a half-sister to Heroic, sire of Hall Mark's sister (dam of Murray Stream).

for twenty years. At first his theories merely caused amusement. To-day, as a result of information brought down from the upper atmosphere by super-rockets, scientists are convinced that M. Vassay's theories hold more than mere amusement value.

The whole scheme of turning night into day is based on the phenomenon known as electro-luminescence. This can be seen on a small scale when fluorescent lighting is switched on. The electricity flowing through the tubes causes the gas inside the tubes to glow and give off light.

On a big scale it can be seen in the Northern Lights, or Aurora Borealis. These appear in the sky chiefly in northern latitudes as either a whitish arc of light or quivering, rapidly-moving beams.

## Particles of Light

It has been discovered that the average height of this band of illumination is about seventy miles. The luminosity is thought to be caused by charged particles reaching the earth from outer space, most probably from the sun.

These particles are deflected towards the North and South Poles by the earth's magnetic field, according to the known rays of magnetism. There, as they enter the atmosphere, they collide with the atoms and molecules of the upper atmosphere and emit light in much the same way as in fluorescent lighting.

## Tremendous Cost

It is this phenomenon that scientists are now trying to repeat artificially. They are trying to create light in the night sky by throwing out rays into the upper atmosphere, where they will collide with the tiny particles known to swarm there. The collisions would cause countless billions of particles to glow and shed light on the earth.

Gigantic transmitters would be used, somewhat like those used for television stations. The cost would be tremendous, but would be countered by the fact that one transmitter would serve a huge area — perhaps a whole country.

## JUST-A-MINUTE STORY

"UNCLE" Jillitt pottered about in his pawnshop grousing to himself about social conditions that were improving to such an extent that an honest pawnbroker could hardly make a living.

Through the window his jaundiced eyes caught sight of a short, chubby man dismounting from a cycle outside the shop.

Then the door clinked open and he came up to the counter, a confident smile on his pink face. "Morning," he said. "I've got something you might like to see. A Ming vase. Very old."

Unwrapping it, he put it on the counter. It was dirty and covered with mud. Uncle Jillit picked it up, wiped off some of the mud on his sleeve, and examined it closely.

Then, sniffing disapprovingly, he looked up at the chubby man's hair.

Yes, just as he'd thought. The man's hair was plastered down with hair-oil. Its sickly, cloying perfume made him shudder. He hated hair-oil.

"Well, how much do you want for this thing?" he asked. "Thirty quid," replied the stranger. "I know it's an odd one, but the pair would be worth at least a hundred."

The pawnbroker grunted. "I'll give you twenty. Not a penny more."

He did not reveal that he had the exact counterpart of the vase in his stockroom. The other man shrugged. "Oh, O.K. I'll take twenty then." Uncle Jillitt counted out the notes and handed them over.

Then, after he'd watched the chubby man mount his cycle and ride off he made his way smilingly through a long, dark passage to his stockroom at the back of the shop.

Still smiling, he went to a large, dusty box in the corner and began rummaging about. Then he straightened his back and swore softly. His Ming vase had gone.

He walked over quickly to the window and examined it. It had been forced. He threw back his head and sniffed in a puzzled way. Suddenly he realised, and swore again.

For the stockroom reeked of that same sickly, cloying hair-oil.

# Sequel to Kiss in a Car

By Martin Wildwood

"Miss Pat Ditchingham-Benson, beautiful green-eyed secretary of Lord James, said yesterday that she is not interested in a theatrical career . . ."

**T**EDE SOLKIS laughed as he dropped the newspaper. Still the same old Pat!

He recalled their meeting during the first year of the war. He had been a sergeant instructor, she a radar operator. All the boys had fallen for her . . . all, except Ted Solkis. He had guessed that there was something phony about her. And yet, when she had left in disgrace, he alone had felt a touch of sympathy for her. Birds of a feather, no doubt, he told himself sardonically.

His recollections prompted an idea, and Ted lived upon ideas. Why not ring her up, make a date for a brief reunion . . . just for a laugh?

Ted reached for the telephone. He had a way with everybody, particularly with girls. But he decided against using his own name. She'd never recognise him after all these years, and a strange name was hardly sufficient to persuade her to meet him. She liked Wally Baxter, he remembered. Yes, that was the name he'd use.

He recognised Pat's voice the moment she spoke.

"Oh, his Lordship's out of town, is he? What a pity!" Ted's voice had just the right shade of disappointment. "No, no nothing important. Oh, I say, don't ring off. I'm sure I've heard your voice before." His tone had changed to one of curiosity. "It wouldn't be Pat Ditchingham-Benson now, would it? It is? What

a coincidence! This calls for a celebration. Oh yes, of course, I haven't mentioned my name. Remember the Radio School, Little Yatesburn, in '40? They you're sure to remember Wally Baxter."

After a few minutes of one-sided conversation he replaced the receiver. She was accepting his invitation right away, and coming in his Lordship's Rolls!

It had been an inspiration, mentioning the name of Wally Baxter. He was one of the most vacuous idiots Ted had ever had the pleasure to sting, but he'd insisted on that game of cards, and Ted was the last man alive to disappoint his fellow men.

He chuckled with anticipation. The cash he'd won on the dogs would come in useful. He'd need a pound or two to entertain Pat.

He arrived at the meeting place just as the Rolls glided to a stop. "Wally Baxter, after all these years!"

She was wonderful. Slim, smart, with an air of sophistication that set Ted's pulses throbbing.

From the moment he presented the orchid she refused to let him spend another farthing and finally insisted on dropping him at his door.

Ted tingled afresh as he relived that ecstatic moment in the car. When a girl kissed a chap like that it meant something. And stepping out of the Rolls under the watchful eye of his landlady was important. The prestige would be worth a week's rent. Ted smiled as he patted his pocket. The smile died. The wallet,

with all his winnings, had vanished.

Then he remembered that kiss, and the million fingers which had gone thrillingly over him . . .

Meanwhile, in a flat as sumptuous as Ted's was shabby, Pat was being greeted by her young husband.

"How'd you make out, angel?"

"Perfect. Look what he gave me—an orchid and £72. Wasn't it sweet of him?"

They laughed together as they drank their victim's health.

"Can you imagine it," smiled Pat, "that bumptious, conceited Ted Solkis pretending to be my own adorable Wally?"

A FRENCH author, describing his travels in England in 1698, wrote: "In winter football is a charming exercise. It is played with a leather balloon, as big as the head and filled with air. This is kicked with the foot in the streets by him who is able to reach it. There is no other science in the game."

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# The Original Stonewaller

By Frank Browne in "Invincible Short Story Magazine"

**I**N the first Test played between England and Australia an Australian opening batsman made a century, captivating even his opponents with the beauty of his batting. His name was Charlie Bannerman. His reputation increased as a result of some magnificent batting during the first Australian tour of England in 1878.

So you can imagine the feelings of the English side of 1878-9 in Australia when they found themselves confronted with not one, but two Bannermans. Charlie's brother Alec had made the side.

Alec signified his entry into Test cricket by top scoring, getting 73 out of 246, in his first Test. However, it wasn't so much the number of runs he got as the way he got them that made the English bowlers shudder.

For Alec took about as many risks as a Levantine moneylender. Tom Emmett, the star English bowler, who pelted them down at him for hours, claimed that it was like bowling at a barn door. Alec was the original stonewaller.

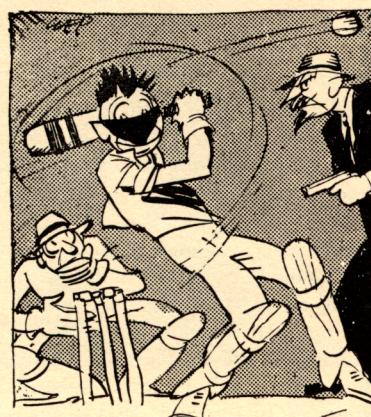
For the next fifteen years he was opening batsman for Australia. Rarely did he leave the wicket without taking the sting out of the attack.

As far as Alec was concerned, bowlers made little difference. He liked 'em fast, and seemed to get fiendish pleasure out of wearing the speed men down. He admitted that he "never felt too comfortable"

against slow left-handed bowlers, but he kept his discomfort a secret, because this type of bowler never seemed to worry him.

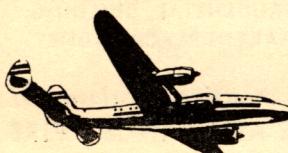
Bannerman is one of the select band of Australians to score 1,000 runs in Test matches, and the remarkable thing about his batting is that he never scored a century, his highest score being 94, out of a total of 218, at Sydney, in 1883.

Bannerman was the true sheet anchor, the man who could get them



when things were bad, or stay in while somebody else was going for the runs. Best demonstration of this was in Sydney in 1882, when he stayed with Percy McDonnel while that dashing batsman was putting on 147. Bannerman got 70, which accounted for 217 out of a total of 260.

Alec finished his Test career as he started it, by top scoring. At Manchester in 1893 he scored 60. As he walked from the field the English



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**ATOMIC CHESS**  
A NEW variation of chess, bringing the game more into line with modern warfare, has been invented by a Transjordan Minister. It is played on a board of 144 squares, and two new pieces—aeroplane and tank—have been added. A promoted pawn becomes an atomic bomb.

The bomb must be used carefully, however. When brought into play it wipes out all the pieces—the player's as well as his opponents—within a radius of six squares from its target.

Perhaps there's a moral. If you want to draw it there's a little verse published by the "New York Times" recently you may like to quote:

Since man is an animal savage  
from birth,

We'll never improve our condition

Until we have posted a warning on earth:

"No Huntin', No Shootin', No Fission!"

## THE RIGHT WORD

RADIO programmes sometimes produce the unexpected very pleasantly. I like, for instance, the twist given to a discussion on women's styles in an American quiz show. An elderly man was one of the contestants. He was asked: "I suppose you are old enough to remember wasp waists?"

"Remember 'em?" he exclaimed bitterly. "That's when I got stung."

captain, W. G. Grace, said "There goes the greatest thorn in the side of English cricket."

# **Swimmers' Open Season**

## **Big Entry for First Race**

**T**HEY'RE off!

Yes, the swimmers are in action again, dashing up and down the Pool in their weekly races which commenced on Tuesday, 25th October.

Ahead of them is a full season of nine months or so with heats every Tuesday and finals on Thursdays.

It is expected that the new season will be the best ever and the line up of twenty-nine for the first event showed that the expectation is likely to prove correct.

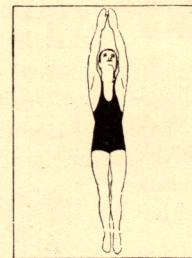
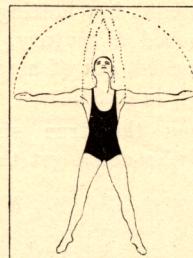
New members will be very welcome and it doesn't matter how good or mediocre they are everybody will have a chance on the handicaps and, furthermore, there's simply nothing to approach the fun of a race and then lunch in our glorious Pool annex.

So, be in it, all you lovers of good sport and sportsmen, you'll find both on the Third Floor.

Best winning performance of the opening race was by Carl Phillips, who swam 19-4/5 secs. with Bill

Dovey and Bob Graves at 20-3/5 secs. next best.

Neil Barrell was also in good form with a heat winning effort of 21-4/5 secs. and other winners were Bruce Low, 25; Harry English, 25-4/5; Bob Richards, 33-4/5; and George Goldie, 34.



Consequently many of our swimmers will hardly be near their top when the Australian Championships are held and their chances of representing Australia at the Empire Games may well be adversely affected.

In Melbourne, where there are indoor heated public pools, swimmers are better off and it will not be surprising if the Victorian swimmers do

Handicapper Jack Gunton reckoned the boys would be out of form in their first race but they showed him some solid training going on.

In every heat the winner beat his handicap by a second or more and two of them cut two seconds off.

Bill Kendall showed great pace in swimming into second place, beaten by the barest of touches by George Goldie, who had sixteen seconds' handicap. Bill swam 18-1/5 secs. for the 40 yards, which is really moving.

Amongst the new members to start is Bruce Low, certainly an appropriate name in a sporting club. Bruce is in the same Medical year at the 'Varsity as Peter Gunton and looks as if he will prove a handy performer.

The swimming world this season is going to be a very heavy one with the main item the Empire Games in New Zealand in February.

This necessitates the early staging of the Australian championships which will be held in Sydney in December and again shows how much we need an indoor public pool in Sydney.

As the N.S.W. trials for representation on the N.S.W. team in the National Championships have to be held in the middle of this month it means that swimmers have had to start training much earlier than usual, early in the autumn when the water in outdoor pools is hardly conducive to pleasurable and comfortable work.

exceptionally well in the big swimming meet.

Sydney's only indoor heated pool is our own in Tattersall's Club and whilst what assistance possible is given to Sydney's star swimmers by allowing some of them to train there it is manifestly impossible to cater for a great number.

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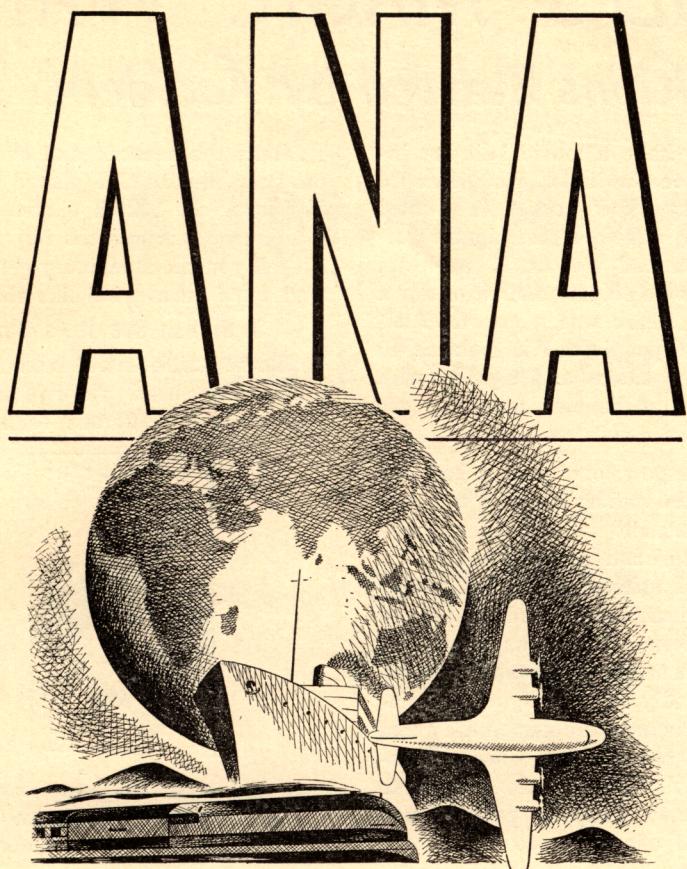
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### **EARLY TWO-YEAR-OLD WINNERS**

**Mighty Song**, the first two-year-old filly to win in Sydney this season, cost 2,300 guineas as a yearling but on her startling performance in A.J.C. Gimcrack Stakes she seems easily worth thousands more than her purchase money.

**R**ANDWICK trainer Dan Lewis is lucky to get another top-class filly. He knows how to get them ready for the important events many of which stand to credit of his team, and Mighty Song gives promise of turning out one of Australia's best of her sex. She probably returned her owners full expenses at first start.

By Ajax from Chanson (dam of Victory Lad, well known to Club members, a four States' winner and now at the stud in Western Australia). Chanson was got by Marconigram (imp.) from La Chanteuse by Crowdennis (imp.) from Vocal Princess.

True Course, one of the first two-year-old winners in Melbourne, cost 1,150 guineas as a yearling. She is a brown filly by Midstream (imp.) from Urunalong (related to Australian Cup winner Carry On) and by Magpie (imp.) from Woodsprite by Stormaway.

Prominent owner-breeder, Mr. Fred Hughes, supplied a surprise winner of the Breeders' Plate, the grey colt Nirandoli by Nizami (imp.) from Miss Meadows (imp.) by Black Jester.

Three named youngsters were N.S.W. bred while fourth of the first juvenile winners in Melbourne and Sydney, Ben Law, a bay colt who won Maribyrnong Trial, is a son of Bold Ben (imp.), who is by Bold Archer (a son of Phalaris) from Retaliator by Friar Marcus. Lumeah, dam of Ben Law, is by Lawmaker (imp.) from Lady Vex by Valais.

Melbourne's early impression of first two-year-old winners was that Gallivant would prove best in that State, but when this went to press V.R.C. spring carnival hadn't opened and there would have been some high-class racing by the younger brigade at that all-important fixture.

Gallivant is by Dhoti (imp.) from Brave Lady. He won the Caulfield Debutante Stakes.

# JOE KIRKWOOD'S MAGIC WAND

## Trick Shot Exhibitions Started by Accident

JOE KIRKWOOD, the caddie boy who put Australia on the golfing map, tells in "Golfing," an American publication, how his trick shot exhibition became the mainstay of his profession. He made his American debut by playing at Pinehurst in the North and South Open in 1921. Then:

"The Sunday after the North and South concluded they were having a little entertainment at Pinehurst, and some of the fellows who had seen me do a few trick shots asked me to put on a show for the people. They are such grand folks at Pinehurst I was glad to do something to show I appreciated the treatment they had given me.

"For about 45 minutes I clowned and did tricks and when I was getting ready to go back to the clubhouse a gentleman stepped out and addressed the crowd. 'Friends,' he began, 'this young man has come a long way to entertain us, and we've never seen anything like the little show he has put on with his magic wands. So I suggest that several of the ladies in this gallery collect from you all something that will show recognition of his efforts and ingenuity!'

"When the girls got through passing the hat they turned over to me 772.75 dollars. I'll never forget that figure. At that moment it seemed like half of all the money in the world. Hallo; this was the promised land.

"People in the gallery came up and engaged me for trick shot appearances at their own clubs later in the season. So I was started in an entirely new phase of the golf business entirely by accident! The trick shots became part of the show; Walter Hagen and I went on tour and the American Press gave me hundreds of columns of publication.

### In Britain

"This was a different Press reception than I later got when I made my first trip to England. The writers there warned me that English and Scotch golf was far too serious a

matter to have a music hall act introduced on the links. But after I'd put on my show across the water everything was O.K. The biggest gallery I ever had was at St. Andrews when I gave a charity exhibition for a hospital. There was a crowd of almost 8,000 people and it took me 40 minutes to shove and squirm with my escort of bobbies from the tee back to the clubhouse.

"At Glasgow, one time, I had another record gallery showing my stuff for the benefit of the unemployed fund. I finished my exhibition on a green and asked that contributions for the unemployed fund be thrown on the green. That was a mistake that almost got my head battered. The reputedly tight Glasgow galleries threw thousands of coins on the green and I can tell you that when a Glaswegian feels enthusiastic enough to throw money away he puts enough zip behind one of those big Scotch



copper coins to make it feel like a manhole cover when it hits you.

"The Press build-up that followed that Pinehurst inaugural switched me from being primarily a tournament golfer to the trick shot business as a mainstay. It was a lucky thing for me, at that. Fellows who ought to know say that I have made more money solely from my set of clubs and golf balls than anyone else in golf during the last fifteen years. This doesn't count the testimonial advertising and real estate promotion and other income not primarily golf. Other fellows have beat my draw at that. But I'm playing all the time.

I follow the seasons and even in an off year like 1932 I played 100 exhibitions. In 1929 I played 273 exhibitions. This was the top year and I'll tell you the machinery gets pretty well worn on a grind like that.

### A Million See Joe's Show

"These trick shot exhibitions of mine have been shown on 2,106 courses in 32 different countries, in



case you want the exact record up to June 6, 1933. Making an estimate of the audiences at the theatres and stores where I have put on my act and a very close recollection of the galleries at the golf courses where I have played the trick shot show, I feel safe in saying that this year the millionth golfer will see the Death-Defying Kirkwood in His Stupendous, Thrilling and Absolutely Unique Act of Making the Snarling, Spitting Golf Ball Sit Up and Purr 'Papa.'

"I guess I shouldn't kid my act like that, because it is a tough one. I have to keep thinking up new stunts all the time and right now I have 240 different tricks in the bag, a repertoire that would take me two hours to play if I went through it at a steady rate of two trick shots a minute. At the end I'd be a lot more interested in an ambulance than in learning the 'take' at the gate.

"It's a funny thing about these tricks I show. The old reliables continue to be the favourites. There are about 25 places where I play return engagements every year. It's like 'old home week' to get back there and see a lot of the people who are mighty dear friends of mine. I keep think-

(Continued on page 24)

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

# SUMMER MEETING

(Randwick Racecourse)

December 24th, 26th and 27th, 1949

PRINCIPAL EVENTS :

First Day : **SATURDAY, 24th DECEMBER**

### **The Villiers Stakes**

£2500 added                          One Mile

Second Day : **MONDAY, 26th DECEMBER**  
**(BOXING DAY)**

### **The Summer Cup**

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and a Cup Valued at 100 Guineas

One Mile and Five Furlongs

### **The December Stakes**

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(For Two-Year-Olds)

Five Furlongs

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# Royal Lovers' Death Pact

It's a habit we usually joke about, but it can do serious harm—and may even cost you your job—as Jerold Mason wrote in "Digest of World Reading"

ARCHDUKE FRANZ JOSEF, nephew and godson of Austria's last emperor, threatened to go to law to defend the honour of his cousin, Crown Prince Rudolph, and a 17-year-old baroness, who have been dead these 60 years.

He says he will sue anyone selling a new book that purports to shatter the romantic mystery of the royal suicide pact in a hunting lodge at Mayerling in 1889.

Fiction writers and Hollywood directors — employing the talents of Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux in a 1935 film — have built up a legend of two lovers who killed themselves because the young Baroness Marie Vetsera was not sufficiently high-born to wed the heir to the Austrian throne.

But the Hungarian Count Carl Lonyay, brought up as a cavalry-man in the tinselled waltzing reign of the Emperor Franz Josef, explodes the legend in his "Rudolph: the Tragedy

of Mayerling," published recently.

Count Lonyay, whose princely uncle married the Crown Prince Rudolph's widow, combed through family papers never published before.

Rudolph emerges as no love-stricken hero, but as a psychopathic invalid fascinated by the idea of a death pact.

Baroness Marie Vetsera becomes in the new book a stupid scheming flirt, thrilled by the promise of posthumous publicity — which she never received because the Emperor, Rudolph's father, had her buried secretly.

Archduke Franz Josef has written to every leading bookseller denouncing this "scandalous, libellous, defamatory" book as a "sacrilegious attack on deceased members of the Hapsburg family."

Said Count Lonyay icily: "I wish to express my admiration for the courage of those who thrust upon me their uninvited advice on a subject of which they had no knowledge, and which I avoided accepting."

Said his publishers, Charles Scribner and Sons: "We shall defend any dealer who sells this book."

## LIFE BEGINS AT FIFTY

MR. PERRY wandered slowly through the park, feeling lonely and unwanted. "It's not much fun being fifty," he reflected sadly. "Nobody seems to need you any more."

The children were grown up now. Peggy was married and he rarely saw her.

Peter was working in Manchester and never bothered to come home for a week-end, though he could well afford to. Then there was Ruth . . .

He took a letter from his pocket. "Dear Father," it read. "I'm having a simply wonderful time here at Eastbourne. The weather has been perfect. I hate the thought of coming home.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could get a job here so that I could stay the whole time? Do you think you could spare me another pound or two? Love to Mummy, Ruth."

So Ruth, too, wanted to be away.

And he noticed that she now called him "Father." Only a year ago she was addressing him as "Daddy." All they wanted him for now was to provide the money.

It was curious because they'd always been fond of each other and had had great times together.

His mind went back to the happy holidays they'd had. They all wanted to go away by themselves now.

Miserably, Mr. Perry rolled the letter into a ball and flung it away. Then with dejected, drooping shoulders he started to walk home.

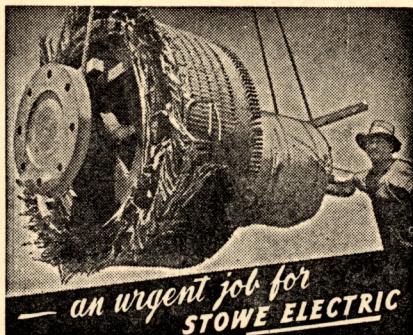
His thoughts turned to his wife. She, too, seemed far too busy with other things to bother much with him these days. Perhaps she was bored with him as well.

He stepped into the road. There was a crash and a sudden wall of blackness came over him.

When he came to he was in bed. His wife was bending over him, smiling. She kissed him.

"You silly old thing, you," she said. "A car hit you, but you're all right—only bruises. The children are all here."

Mr. Perry smiled contentedly and went to sleep.



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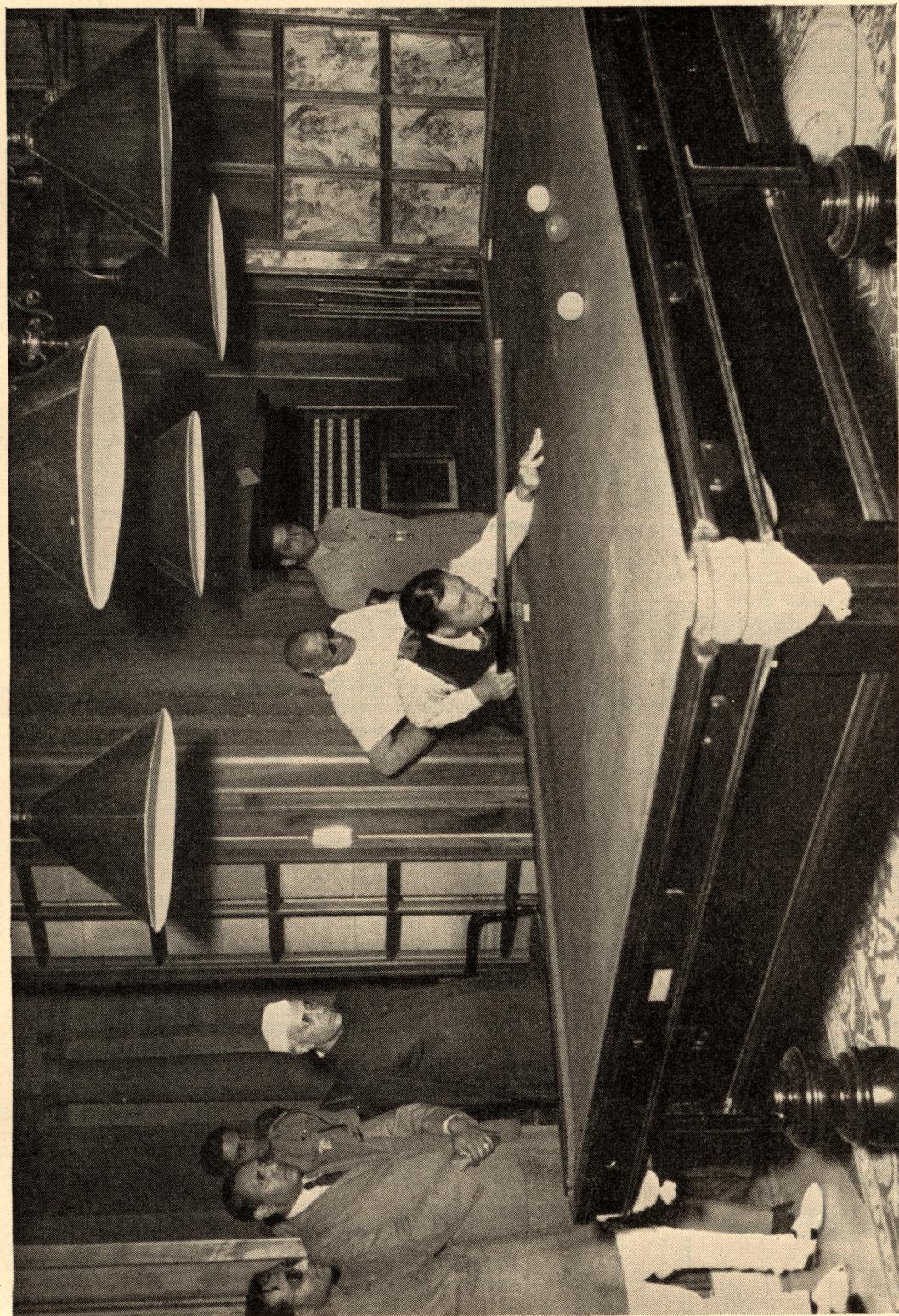
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ROBERT MARSHALL PLAYING AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, DELHI, MARCH, 1949.  
The Front Row Standing: C. R. Narsimhan (*Son of the Governor-General*), Ram Singh, *The Hon. The Prime Minister, Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru, His Excellency C. Rajagopalachari, Governor-General of India, and the A.D.C. to H.E.*

# Bowling Club Notes

LAST month we related the story of the trouncing received at the hands of Waverley Club, and apparently this trouncing spurred us on to greater efforts, as the marked improvement since almost warrants an appearance before the Stewards.

On 29th September two rinks visited St. George Club, where we were royally entertained and spent a very pleasant afternoon. The home side fielded two strong rinks against us, and although beaten, our men put up a creditable performance.

## Results

Mitchell, Murray, Ruthven, Chatterton (Tatts.), 23; Buckland, Keellett, Braithwaite, Street (St. G.), 21.

Dwyer, Longworth, Booth, Norton (Tatts.), 19; McDougall, Wilson, Gibbons, Richards (St. George), 32.

Total: Tatts. 42, St. George 53.

On 6th October, at our home green, Double Bay, we played rinks from Bondi and Double Bay with the following results:—

Bavinton, Booth, McIntosh, Traversi (Tatts.), 22; Fincke, Murray, Levy, Amey (Bondi), 24.

The Bondi rink was particularly strong and Tatts. did well to hold them to such a narrow margin.

Against Double Bay, Dwyer, McGee, Jones and Dewdney were victorious by 27 to 19.

On 13th October we were hosts to the Millions Club at Double Bay. Our guests were out to avenge former defeats and included in their teams two interstate skippers in the persons of Gordon Sargent and Dr. Neil Benjamin who recently played against and defeated Queensland interstate representatives. Tatts. men were trained to the minute, and ran out comfortable winners. Perhaps our elation can be forgiven, and congratulations to President Jack Roles and Jack Eaton who skippered the rinks against Neil Benjamin and Gordon Sargent.

## Scores:

Dwyer, Ruthven, Read, Traversi (Tatts.), 22; Payne, Kirby, Gregson, Chassell (Millions), 23.

Bavinton, Fay, Dewdney, Trainor

(Tatts.), 23; Bull, Farrow, Clayton, Lumley (Millions), 12.

Mitchell, Silk, Barmby, Roles (Tatts.), 31; Walker, Bennett, Baldwin, Benjamin (Millions), 18.

Young, Broadbent, Booth, Eaton (Tatts.), 34; Rolle, Cowley, Christie, Sargent (Millions), 20.

Total: Tatts. 110, Millions 73.

Someone remarked that Jack Roles bowled "better than he can" but Jack can always be relied upon to bring something special out of the bag on big occasions. Jack Eaton also was in splendid touch and both Jack's and their respective rings deserved the congratulations showered upon them.

John Trainor, making his first appearance as Club Skipper, bowled splendidly against the well-known skipper, Wal Lumley, of City Club.

*IT is said that every man expects his wife to be a sweetheart, a valet, a chef, an audience and a trained nurse.*

*Now we hear from the female of the species: A woman should have five husbands: an intellectual companion, a muscular toiler, a financial genius, a practical plumber and electrician and one romantic playboy.*

—*Gas Flame.*

## THE REASON WHY

*WHY, in the ice-dark Polar lands*

*Does the lone Explorer freeze his hands?*

*Why in the squalid seamy slums*

*Does the Social Worker elevate the bums?*

*Where does the Metallurgist get the urge*

*To stay awake all night and metal-lurge?*

*And what is the all-compelling wish  
That makes the Missionary go and Mish?*

*Why do they choose these solitary lives?*

*Listen, brother, have you met their wives?*

**WHAT** is the origin of the expression "cooking your goose?"

For the answer to this one we go to Sweden. Eric, an early king of that country, attacked one of the towns of his realm with only a very small band of soldiers. The inhabitants, feeling secure in view of the small numbers of the attackers, derisively hung a goose out on the city walls inviting him to shoot at it. Eric, however, put up such a show of determination that the townsfolk finally sent envoys out to parley with him. And in reply to their inquiry as to his terms the king said: "I want to cook your goose."



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# ROUNDAABOUT *of* SPORT

## SHAVE THE BAT

CRICKET reformers who want to do this and that to the rules in order to "improve" the national game are continually popping up with their bright ideas, getting them discussed, and being as quickly forgotten. But when an England captain like R. W. V. Robins wants an inch off the width of cricket bats he has the ear of the cricket world, even if a large part of it disagrees with him.

It sounds an easy solution to the problem of the mastery of bat over ball. A 3½ in. bat instead of a 4½ in. bat. The ball would beat it more often, and, as Robins says, there would be fewer draws in county games.

But there is more to it than that, apart from the scrapping of many thousands of bats now in use and the manufacture of smaller ones.

Here are a few opinions collected yesterday from people who should know:

**Maurice Tate:** As an ex-bowler I'm all for the change. But what would county clubs say if repeatedly matches were over in a day and a half? It would be a terrific knock to their finances.

**C. B. Fry:** The bat is all right as it is. Cricket would not be improved by making it narrower.

**J. C. Clay:** It means quite a slice off the bat, and I am not inclined to tinker with the rules to that extent. For bowlers it would be a very good thing, but I would not advocate the change without a trial. Why not test it first in club cricket?

**Jack Hobbs:** It's a good idea. The only trouble is that it would affect club cricketers more than others. A first-class batsman should be able to hit the ball in the centre of the bat, whatever its size.

**Herbert Sutcliffe:** I disagree. If there is to be any alteration in the rules I suggest that the wicket be widened by one inch.

**Wilf Wooller:** When I'm batting the bat is too narrow. When I'm bowling it's far too wide. Such a

change would end matches more quickly, but, as for ensuring brighter cricket, I have my doubts. Some batsmen could stone-wall with a golf club.

The point by Maurice Tate about finance is important. For years before the war county clubs had the wolf not only at the door but parked on the secretary's office rug. Only during the post-war boom has prosperity returned.

Reformers who want county cricket speeded up and the wickets to tumble overlook the hard fact that you cannot make three-day county games pay on two-day gates.

But I am less concerned about the benefits Robins's suggestion might bring to county cricket than the harm it might do to club cricket, village cricket, and boys' cricket.

In a national game you cannot legislate for a handful of professionals. Goodness knows it is hard enough for the average Saturday afternoon cricketer to make 20 runs with the bat as it is. He goes home very pleased with himself when he does. Make his wicket more vulnerable and he will be liable to lose interest.

\* \* \*

**RUGBY** wing forwards who shove little, spoil a lot and get offside too often must look out for referee Tom Pearce, the Essex cricket captain. Since reaching the top flight Pearce has penalised more wing forwards than most referees. His severity in the early stages has the effect of curbing the spoilers. An international wing forward told me after a recent match: "Pearce caught me in the first minute with only my nose offside. It kept me back for the rest of the game."

\* \* \*

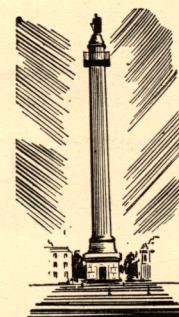
"**GAMESMANSHP,**" which has been defined as "the art of winning games without actually cheating," was mentioned by the Duke of Edinburgh at the Woodford Green fete for the National Playing Fields Association. Explaining the single he scored in a recent Essex village

match, the Duke said: "I learnt something new about gamesmanship. The opposing captain filled us with champagne at lunch."

Colonel Stuart Mallinson also referred to the Duke's single, and presented him with an outsize bat, as wide as the wicket. The Duke, who is president of the M.C.C., spent a quarter of an hour batting and bowling at a net on the lawn, in a dark-blue lounge suit and a stiff collar.

\* \* \*

**PEARCE**'s attention is focused upon wing forwards because he believes the tactics of some of them are bad for the game. And his eye is remarkably true because he was once a wing forward himself. "I believe in penalising them at the start even if they are only inches offside," Pearce says. "They can mar a match if allowed to go on beating the referee. I may miss other infringements round the serum, but to me the offside wing forward is most important."



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#### EARLY DERBY DAYS IN ENGLAND

When this picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1858, it created a great stir and many people went to see it. In it, the artist shows what a race-course crowd was like in his day, and how people amused themselves at Epsom in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. Examine the figures closely and see what each is doing.

From "Pictorial Education," National Gallery.

## BREEDING HORSES IS COSTLY Owners' Many Risks

By Captain Coe in London "Star"

ONE of the foremost authorities on racehorse breeding has been giving me some illuminating facts about the cost and risks associated with stud farms.

Brood mares from the stud farms are now beginning to visit stallions in this country. Others will go to Ireland, France or Italy. It is a sort of General Post. Fees vary from 400 guineas to nine guineas.

The owner of a stallion good enough to command a fee of 400 guineas receives, in the course of a season, forty times that sum—visiting mares are normally restricted to forty—which is £16,800 per annum.

This, however, is a book entry only. The Government gets nearly all the money, in practice. The stallion owner keeps only a few score pounds; the bulk of the revenue goes to the income tax authority.

The most recent census shows that there is an approximate population of between 8,000 and 9,000 thoroughbred mares in England and Ireland,

of which some 7,500 are bred to stallions every year.

Yet last year only 3,945 thoroughbred foals were born which were successfully reared. This, incidentally, was a record number.

It means, therefore, that the owner of a brood mare (or a filly mated for the first time) has little more than a fifty-fifty chance of getting a foal from her.

A recent official return shows that of 1,056 highly-bred and valuable mares sent to top-class stallions in 1947, 383 had no produce which lived. The expenditure in stud fees alone, on these 383 mares, was 123,650 guineas.

This is only what happened to a few select mares (1,056 out of a total of approximately 7,500) sent to the best sires in the country. The total amount lost in this way by breeders as a whole—and there are scores of breeders with bad and indifferent mares—must be in the region of half a million pounds.

The financial aspect of the problem, serious though it may be, is less

important than the fact that the thoroughbred is such a shy breeder.

The veterinary profession, now being given specialist training with the help of the Animal Health Trust, is concentrating on research with a view to solving infertility in the thoroughbred. Progress, however, is slow, and it is by no means certain that the thoroughbred population will hold its ground, let alone increase.

It is sad enough that our heavy horse population is declining. What shall we do if we fail to keep our supply of racehorses?

---

### NO ESCAPE

A FRIEND in the clothing trade tells me of another man in the same line who complained of lying awake thinking about business difficulties. "Try to forget them," advised his partner. "Count sheep."

Next day the insomnia victim looked a wreck. "Didn't sleep a wink," he said. "I counted 50,000 sheep. Then I sheared them and made up 50,000 overcoats. Then I spent the rest of the night asking myself: 'How can I get 50,000 linings?'"

# WASPS CAUSE A CRISIS AT LORDS

The little insect in the yellow waistcoat is not altogether a gangster

WITH summer on the way, our old friend the wasp once more brings his packet of trouble to home-lovers and holiday-makers alike. And we ask again—why is it that a wasp's sting can cause so much pain?

A wasp's sting is really an "ovipositor"—a part of the wasp's body, the true function of which is to lay eggs. But it is provided with a gland which secretes formic acid, and two very sharp lancets or darts which can pierce flesh.

When the wasp has cause to be annoyed she plunges the darts rapidly into whatever annoys her and injects the formic acid. It is, in fact, the acid and not the puncture that does the damage.

When the first frosts set in almost all the wasps in temperate countries like Britain die off from the effects of cold. For a few days in autumn the last straggling survivors may be seen crawling feebly about, very uncomfortable and with their tempers

somewhat soured by their own weakness. In this irritable condition they tend to use their stings on the smallest provocation.

But no matter how much we may think wasps deserve to be exterminated, farmers and cricketers will not thank us for killing them. During the greater part of the year wasps help farmers by capturing insects which would prove highly injurious to crops if allowed to thrive unmolested.

Whenever there is a scarcity of wasps, cricket grounds are plagued by leather-jackets. Normally, wasps eat the "daddy-long-legs" which emerge from the leather-jacket grub.

There was a notable instance of this at Lord's Cricket Ground in 1934, when more wasps' nests than usual were destroyed by severe weather and by human agency. Owing to the shortage of wasps the daddy-long-legs greatly increased in number and deposited many eggs. As a result the number of leather-jackets greatly multiplied and preyed upon the roots of the grass. This did great damage to the turf, and first-class cricket suffered considerably.

The wasp was the first paper-maker and anticipated modern wood-pulp manufacture by many millions of years. Long before a human foot trod the earth there is evidence that wasps were manufacturing paper, almost as they manufacture it for

their nests to-day, among the sub-tropical vegetation of an older and warmer Europe.

With her saw-like jaws the wasp rasps away at a paling or other exposed piece of wood till she has collected a tiny heap of finely powdered fibrous matter. With the secretion from her mouth she works this up in her jaws into a sort of coarse brown paper. With this raw material she builds the nest, which becomes a complex but short-lived community of 4,000 to 5,000 wasps.

## Sporting Quiz

HERE'S a Quiz to test your knowledge (not so much your memory) of the world of sport. Award yourself five points for each correct answer. If you can score 40 you have obviously a first-class all-round knowledge of sport.

1. Longest bicycle race in the world is the? Distance?
2. Gordon Richards has been Britain's champion jockey (a) 11 times; (b) 17 times; (c) 21 times; (d) 24 times.
3. What is a Crampit?
4. Denis Compton recently made 300 in one innings for the M.C.C. cricket team in South Africa. What is the highest individual score ever made in that country?
5. For which international sport is the Mannerheim Gold Cup awarded?
6. The world football championship is to be held in 1950. Where?
7. Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates met in a game of Australian football last month. How many players compose a team?

(Answers on page 24.)

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# THEY DON'T FIGHT THAT WAY NOW

The story of Jem Belcher's last fights as told by Warwick Jeffries in "Life Digest"

**I**N the first fifty years of the nineteenth century, prize-fighting as a diversion for rich and poor alike enjoyed its greatest popularity. It was the custom for members of the nobility to take promising young fighters under their aristocratic wings, even supporting them and when the time came, betting heavily on their protégés. Rings were erected in hidden valleys, forest clearings and the relative sanctity of private properties. By a secret grapevine, word was sent across England of the day and the place of the bout and the sport lovers flocked in their thousands to the rendezvous.

Invariably, a second ring was erected not too far away so that, in the event of a raid by the police, the entire gathering could decamp and reassemble there when the danger had passed.

What of the fighters themselves? They were usually sturdy sons of the soil, young men from the open fields of England who were handy with their fists and saw a chance of fame and money if they were good enough to stand up to the rigors of a profession that demanded the ability to give and receive hard physical punishment.

Take Jem Belcher, for instance, a man who, though dead for a hundred years, is still remembered as the greatest of his time. Jem was born in Bristol and, after earning himself a local reputation, came to London to fight all comers when he was seventeen. In four battling years he defeated every opponent that could be found to match him and was the acknowledged champion of England. That's not bad considering that Jem was of slight build compared to the accepted standards of those days, although his height of nearly six feet was a decided advantage.

While Belcher was enjoying his fame, he suffered an accident that had a profound effect on his subsequent life. While playing tennis with

one of his patrons, he was struck in the left eye by a fast-moving ball and partially blinded. Jem immediately thought of an old friend, one Henry Pearce, known in Bristol as the Game Chicken.

At Belcher's suggestion, Pearce came to London where, under the guidance of the master, he fought for and finally claimed the vacant championship in 1805.

Jem Belcher, one-eyed and jealous, accepted the challenge to fight his friend and pupil for a stake of 500 guineas a side. The boxing world was astounded at this volte face. Pearce was even more so, and was reluctant to meet Belcher until Jem publicly denounced him as a coward. After that, the fight was on.

By the seventeenth round, the Game Chicken's face was a pulp but his strength was almost as good as at the beginning. Jem Belcher, however, was in a bad way, the falls dealt him by his opponent having done more to shake him up than any of the blows that Chicken landed. The next round was the last, when the Game Chicken, crashing a piledriver through Belcher's weakening guard, broke two of his ribs. For the first time in his life, Jem Belcher knew what it was like to be beaten.

Tom Cribb was a chunky, slow-moving countryman of great strength and stamina who had plodded along, gradually building up a reputation as a fighter. From behind the bar in the Jolly Brewers, Jem listened to the sporting fraternity eulogising the merits of Tom Cribb till he could stand it no longer. Once again, to the amazement of his friends and enemies, he threw out a challenge and staked himself for £200.

A day was fixed and a site named, the famous Moulsey Hurst, a popular rendezvous for prize fights. On the day, April 8, 1807, the roads to Moulsey Hurst were thick with travellers from my lord in his coach to the not-so-affluent on foot.

They fought for half an hour, Jem forcing the pace, Cribb a gory mess

hitting where he could. Finally, Belcher rushed at Cribb and pasted him with such a flurry of blows that the big man went down.

It looked like Jem's fight, but Cribb came up for the next round, mighty chest heaving, but determined. Jem closed in for the kill, aiming for the battered face of Tom Cribb. Belcher landed a blow to the face and it was then the watchers saw him wince.

A smile flickered across Tom Cribb's face and he began to advance. Jem retreated, pawing ineffectually at his opponent. Cribb knocked him down with a blow to the ribs.

However, Jem believed that he was a better man than Cribb and, in 1809, formally challenged him again for a stake of 200 guineas a side.

Jem's arms were soon black from the bruises inflicted by Cribb's great blows. His hands were raw and swollen from contact with Cribb's hard skull and soon it became apparent that Belcher was hopelessly beaten. Somehow, for forty minutes, he found the strength and courage to face up to his stolid adversary, but at last he had to give in.

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\* \* \*

## FIGHTING COWS

IN case you're used to thinking of cows as placid, easy-going animals who spend their time chewing a cud and manufacturing milk, take a look at the amazons of the Swiss Alps. Each year they stage an elimination tournament that has all the action

and excitement of a night at the fights.

Although some herdsmen train their charges for this annual warfare, no provocation is necessary to start a Swiss cow fight. One of them simply stops feeding, starts churning up the ground with her forefeet and roars her contempt for all her associates.

Another cow sizes up the situation and goes into her own act. A second later they bank their heads together and the battle is on. They slam each other around with horns locked and rear legs digging into the ground. Fights last anywhere from two seconds to two minutes—but nobody gets hurt. When one of the battlers admits defeat, she turns and stumbles off as fast as possible.

Just to make it clear who won the fight, the winner chases the loser all the way through the herd, prodding her in the rear.

Winner of the final round is "queen of the herd"—and it's a winner-take-

all proposition, too. The queen is decorated with flowers and wreaths, has first choice of grazing ground and is followed blindly by all the other cows. She's the boss—that is, until next year's tournament of champions.

\* \* \*

## NOW YOU KNOW

### WHICH sex is the more trusting?

Men—by far. By and large, women just don't feel they can trust men as far as they'd like to. A survey disclosed that almost 50 per cent. of women take a dim view of men's disposition to remain faithful to their wives, while only 28 per cent. of men expressed doubts about women's fidelity. Clearly, these figures are a sort of reverse picture of the answer to the question on relative moral standards of men and women. Men think more lightly of infidelity and women realise it.

The significance of this fact is that it explains why wives tend to crave repeated assurance that they are still loved. And the more deeply a woman is in love, the more she needs this repeated reassurance. Men, on the other hand, once convinced of their lady's affection, tend to take it for granted.

\* \* \*

### GENTLEMEN PREFER—

ARE there any psychological differences between blondes and brunettes which affect their qualities as sweethearts and wives?

With many qualifications, yes. Authorities who have collected data on the subject have found that, on the whole, blondes tend to be less stable in their affections than brunettes.

They are inclined to be more aggressive, changeable, quick-acting. Brunettes are more apt to be of an introspective or religious turn of mind, more serious, more thoughtful and dependable. It isn't, of course, the colour of a person's hair that determines his temperament; colour of hair, like body build, is merely an index to certain characteristics.

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# NOW . . . There's a World Rain Shortage

If you imagine the earth as a ten-inch ball, then all life is supported inside a film of air and water about two thousandths of an inch thick. This relatively thin sheet is fluid with clearly-defined currents of air. A small change in them, and fertile land would become desert, or vice versa.

The great Sahara desert, for instance, is merely an area over which flow currents of air that are very dry. Hence little or no rainfall. If it were possible to deflect southwards over this area some of the moist currents coming from the Polar Regions, it would get a normal rainfall.

But if we increase the rainfall in one place we decrease it in another. It wouldn't do to make the Sahara fertile if at the same time we turned our own country, and possibly France and most of Europe, into desert.

And even if we were able to distribute evenly the rain falling on the land surfaces of the world, there would not be sufficient to make all countries fertile. There is just not

enough water in the atmosphere to go round.

## Starvation Must Come

With the rapid increase in the world's population, this is a serious business. World population is increasing at approximately thirty millions annually.

Unless tremendous advances are made in irrigation schemes and better farming methods, many millions will starve, since there will not be the rain available to make fertile enough ground on which their food must be grown.

The development of new continents, such as Australia, is vitally bound up with this question of rainfall. In Australia, the limit set by some experts, on account of the rainfall, is a population of thirty millions. Yet there is room in terms of land for twenty times that number.

(This was written and published in England. The writer could not possibly have written the article were he in N.S.W. during 1949, with its floods and almost never-ceasing rain.)

## MARATHON CRICKET

LEN HUTTON reveals in "Cricket Is My Life," recently published, that his historic 364 in two and three-quarter days against the Australians at the Oval was not his record in Marathon cricket.

That came much earlier in his career — when he was a member of the Pudsey St. Lawrence Club, which he joined at 11. Matches were in the evenings, play starting after tea and continuing till dark. Once Len went in on Monday and was still batting five nights later — on Friday. After that, he records, his Oval feat "was no trouble at all."

Efficiency is getting other people to do the jobs you don't like.

\* \* \*

Wisecrack from U.S.A.—There can't be any life on Mars. No request for a loan has been received.

## SPORT SHORTS

SAME old story (exciting report of the R.U. match in which Wales beat England) : Where England relied on kicks into touch to gain ground, the Welshmen advanced by elusive running and quick passing among the backs.

\* \* \*

ST. HELENS League Football Club reached agreement for the transfer of Stanley McCormick, Belle Vue's English international left wing, at a fee believed to be £4,000. This is £1,250 above the previous Rugby League record fee, paid by Huddersfield to Castleford for Ike Owens, the Welsh international loose forward.

\* \* \*

THE rarest starting price returned against a horse for many years is 40 to 1 on, the odds at which Diableretta won the July Stakes at Newmarket. The Aga Khan's filly, ridden by Gordon Richards, beat her solitary opponent Nicodem (S. Clayton) by six lengths. One bet noticed was £1,000 to £25, made by a bookmaker. Twenty-six years ago, Mumtaz Mahal, also owned by the Aga Khan, won at Goodwood at 40-1 on.

\* \* \*

HEIN TEN HOFF, German heavyweight champion, described as "the most interesting of my talents" by Lew Burston, scout for the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, left Frankfurt for New York. There he will start on a new phase of his career which he and his followers hope will lead to the world heavyweight title.

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From the courts: My excuse for going out by the window was that my wife was standing guard over the door.

# Kirkwood's Magic Wand

(Continued from Page 12.)

ing day and night about new tricks I can show these 'steadies' of mine. I practise the shots and concentrate on them until my head aches because I want to give these repeat customers on my route an extra special, bargain day, three-ring show, but they insist on the good old standby stunts.

## Waiting in Vain

"Maybe they are figuring that some day I'll bust the crystal of a watch supplied by a big, tough guy with a mean disposition or rap the tender bunions of some native Hercules with a hair-trigger poisonous temper. But I won't. I've never missed on these shots and I never will. I'm careful about that. It means that I can't take the possible risk of drinking or smoking, but I never have done either, so I'm not suffering any deprivation of these pleasures. It also means that I have to watch my diet very carefully. I have to go light on meat and make most of my meals fresh vegetables.

"What makes keeping in condition rather difficult is my touring schedule. It calls for rolling over the hard highways a couple of hundred miles each day and taking a chance on the provisions at restaurants and clubs. But I catch plenty of sleep and get all the exercise I need walking around the golf courses.

"This is trying business, this trick shooting, but you have to make it run easily in the presence of the customers. Nothing can be permitted to get on your nerves. A couple of years ago I got stuck in a bank failure that sent me back to the financial first tee again, but I didn't miss a single trick worrying about it."

## QUIZ ANSWERS (From page 20.)

1. **Tour de France; about 3,250 miles.**
2. (c).
3. **Studded metal strip used as a standing base on the ice by curlers.**
4. **306 by Eric Rowan (South Africa) in 1939-40.**
5. **Army-rifle shooting.**
6. **Rio de Janeiro.**
7. **18.**

## AND FOR MOVIE FANS

**S**oon you'll be able to pick up your 'phone, dial in on a movie, and have a fireside film in your own living room.

You can thank Hollywood Producer S. Sylvan Simon for this one. He's the brains behind a set-up that'll bring movies right into your home for 1 dollar a feature. The tariff's tacked on to your monthly 'phone bill.

"All you do is dial the operator, pick an easy chair, and relax," Simon says. He calls it "phono-vision." The technical process is complicated, but the result is transmission of four-by-five-inch movies with sound over ordinary telephone wires.

It works, too.

"But it's not yet ready for commercial application," Simon adds. "We've been working on it for over a year. And we'll have to spend another 5,000,000 before the first 10,000 units are ready." —B.U.P.

**WHEN** gentlemen are out walking with their womenfolk why do they always walk on the outside of the pavement?

There should be no need for us to tell you the answer to this. Before roads were constructed of tarmac and other firm substance their surfaces were no more than mud and dirt. Consequently the men took the outside of the pavement to prevent the long skirts, then worn by women, from being splashed with mud from passing vehicles.

\* \* \*

The art of taxation consists in so plucking the goose as to obtain the largest amount of feathers with the least possible amount of hissing.

—Colbert.

## Australian Jockey Club

— 1949 —

### Dates for Racing Fixtures

#### NOVEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	5
(At Canterbury Park)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.... Sat.	12
(At Randwick)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.... Sat.	19
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	26
(At Canterbury Park)		

#### DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.... Sat.	3
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	10
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	17
(At Rosehill)		
Australian Jockey Club	.... Sat.	24
Australian Jockey Club	.... Mon.	26
Australian Jockey Club	.... Tues.	27
Tattersall's Club	.... Sat.	31
(At Randwick)		

**I**S it true that an oyster begins life as a male, changes to female, and continues to change sex annually throughout its life?

A young oyster certainly starts its existence as a male. At the age of one it changes to female, spawns and reverts once more to its original sex. Sheridan came very near to the truth when he remarked that "even an oyster can be crossed in love."

\* \* \*

The surest way to bury a friendship is by one little dig after another.

\* \* \*

A girl's face is her fortune. That, I suppose, is why she wants it to run into a nice little figure.

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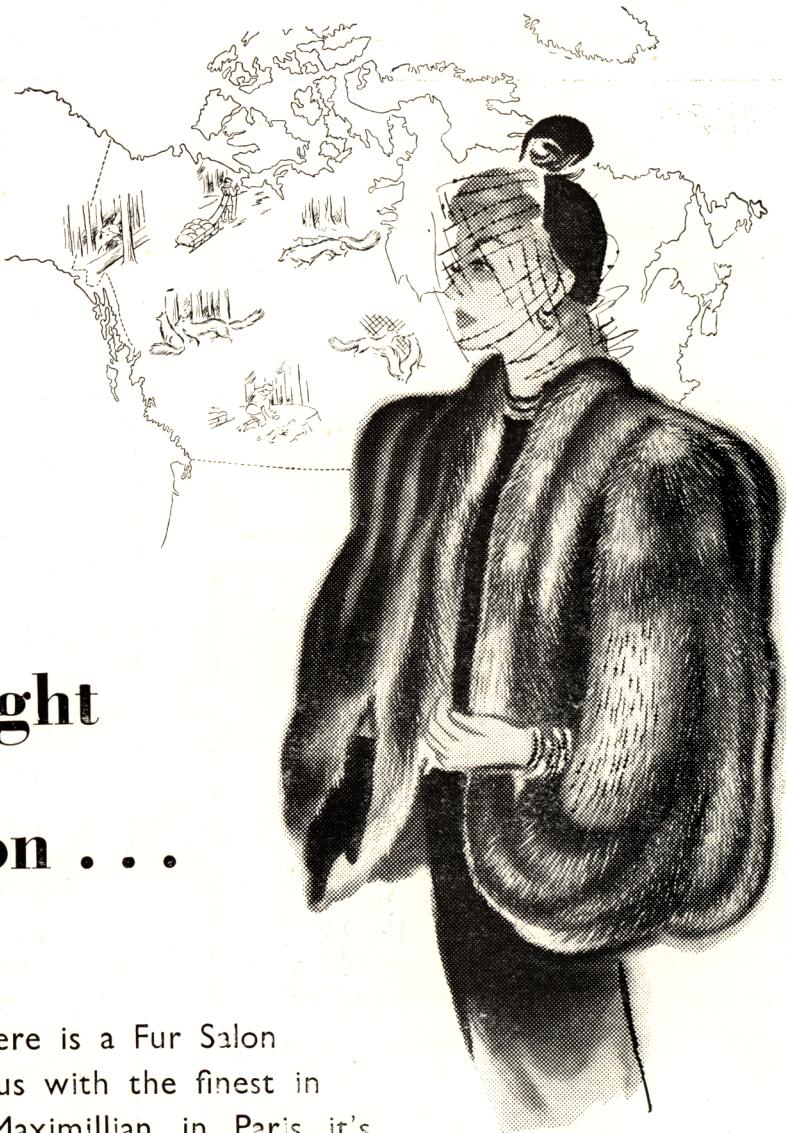
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